

DAPHNIS

A N D

AMARYLLIS:

A

PASTORAL.

The Music by Mr. HANDEL,

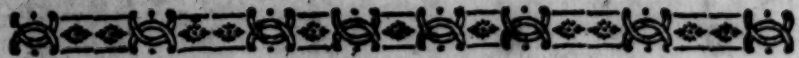
And other Eminent Masters.

Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditamus avenâ.

E X O N:

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MDCCLXVI.



Dramatis Personæ,

DAPHNIS

DAMON

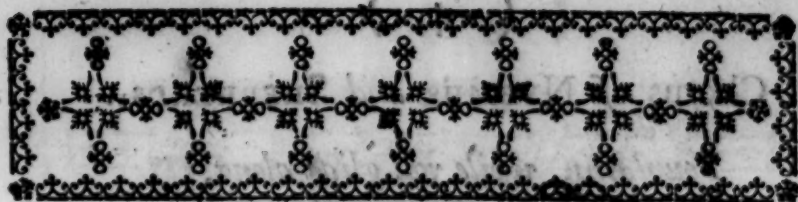
AMARYLLIS

PHYLLIS

CORYDON, a Shepherd.

Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

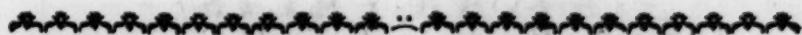




Daphnis and Amaryllis:

A

PASTORAL.



ACT I.

OVERTURE.

DAMON, PHYLLIS, *with* Chorus of
NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

YE Nymphs, ye Swains, the sweet return-
ing Spring
Demands the Tribute of a rustic Lay.

A 2

Chorus

CHORUS of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

*Fountains, while you glide along,
Blend your Murmurs with our Song.
Feather'd Warblers of the Grove,
Sing with us the Sweets of Love.*

D A M O N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

When Nature smiles, and every Heart exults,
Nought here approach, that may debase the Joy.

S O N G.

*Ye wanton Winds, arise and blow,
Blow hence the Sigh, the throbbing Woe,
And plunge them in the Deep.
Such gloomy Guests but ill agree,
Where Jests, and youthful Jollity
Their merry Revels keep.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Phyllis, thy Song too give us; sweet thy Voice,
And well thou know'st the soft Sicilian Strain.*

P H Y L L I S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'Twere hard a Nymph such Favour should
refuse;

Shepherd I grant thee thy Request ---- a Song.

S O N G.

(5)

SONG.

*With us alike each Season suits,
The Spring has fragrant Flowers;
The Summer, Shade; the Autumn, Fruits;
The Winter, social Hours.*

*A bleating Flock, an humble Cot,
Of simple Food a Store;
These are a blest unenvoy'd Lot. ---
We ask the Gods no more.*

D A M O N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'Tis done, the tuneful Strain is done --- and see
The Songstress fair prepares to quit the Plain.

D U E T.

*Phyllis, Phyllis, can you fly?
See me languish;
Ah! what Anguish!
Stay, O stay, or else I die.*

P H Y L L I S.

Damon, Damon, why not fly?

*You may languish,
Small the Anguish,
Fear not, fear not, you'll not die.*

S H E P.

SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

Believe me, *Damon*, that the Nymph says true,
No Fear that thou should'st die — do thou retort,
 As truly too, *No Fear that she should go.*
 Cease then your Strife, the Choral Strain resume.

Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS repeated.

*Fountains, while you glide along,
 Blend your Murmurs with our Song.
 Feather'd Warblers of the Grove,
 Sing with us the Sweets of Love.*

Enter DAPHNIS and AMARYLLIS.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, *Amaryllis*, how the youthful Band
 Carol their merry Song. *They* feel no Care :
 Ah ! could I say the same ! --- But, Fairest,
 know,
 I soon must leave thee. Honour calls to Arms,
 And, but for Thee, with Joy I should obey.

AMARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

The plaintive Sounds, that inmost Nature
 dictates,
 Who can suppress ? --- I try, but try in vain.

SONG.

SONG.

*The tuneful Bird of Night, depriv'd her Mate,
 Warbling aloud, laments her cruel Fate.
 Less tuneful I, tho' not less mournful, grieve. ---
 What Pow'r the Pains of parting can relieve?*

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

For distant Countries tho' he change his own,
 Yet shall thy faithful Shepherd never change.

SONG.

*'Mid Hope and Fear,
 Each passing Year
 I vow a lasting Love :
 Tho' Fortune frown,
 Am still thy own,
 Resolv'd the worst to prove.*

*So still the same,
 With faithful Aim,
 The Needle seeks the Pole ;
 Tho' Storms arise,
 Dark'ning the Skies,
 And high the Billows roll.*

MARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

Ah me ! ah me ! forsaken, hapless Maid !

DUET.

DUET.

Amaryllis. *Dearest Youth* } *in Tears for You.*
 Daphnis. *Lovely Nymph* }
Thus I take my last Adieu.
Heav'n preserve thee safe from Harms,
Safe restore thee to my Arms.

A M A R Y L L I S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark ! the distant Sound of Dance and Song.

(Symphony at a Distance.

It hither tends ; ah ! quickly let me fly,
 Unfit to mix in Scenes of Mirth and Joy.

Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS, *Singing*
and Dancing.

" See we trip it as we go,
 " On the light fantastic Toe."
Fleeting Figures form the Dance,
While we cross, retire, advance.

D A M O N.

Nymph, that lead'st the jocund Train,
Be not of thy Honours vain.
Fortune wheels ; a Moment past,
Thou shalt find thyself the last.

P H Y L L I S.

P H Y L L I S.

Nymph, now lowest in the Train,
 Let not Place e'er give thee Pain.
 Fortune wheels; the First shall fall;
 Soon thyself shalt lead the Ball.

C H O R U S.

" See we trip it as we go,
 " On the light fantastic Toe."
 Fleeting Figures form the Dance,
 While we cross, retire, advance.

End of the first Act.



A C T II.

SCENE 2 Grove.

A M A R Y L L I S *alone.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

HAIL! sacred Solitude! hail, solemn Shades!
 Your Gloom well suits a melancholy Mind.
 But ah! what motly Scenes the Fancy paints,
 While jarring Passions rise, and rule by turns!

B

S O N G.

SONG.

*Fond Hopes, why sooth? ye sooth in vain;
The sick'ning Mind soon sinks again.
Ye please awhile, then rapidly ye fly—
Despair and frantic Fears your Place supply.*

RECITATIVE.

But see! he comes.

Enter DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

——— 'Tis true, my *Amaryllis*,
Spite of my firm Resolves, again I come.

SONG.

*Love bids the Lover stay,
Cease, Honour, cease to blame;
Soon ends the sweet Delay,
The Moment lost to Fame.
He stops, he looks, he sighs,
Then quick as Thought he flies.*

A M A R Y L L I S.

RECITATIVE.

And must we, must we part, thou peerless
Youth?
'Tis hard---yet Heav'n so wills, we must obey.
DUET.

(II)

DUET.

Amaryllis. *Dearest Youth* } *once more adieu,*
Daphnis. *Lovely Nymph* }
Thou shalt ever prove me true.

Enter DAMON *and* PHYLLIS.

D A M O N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

While Joy sincere sparkles in every Eye,
Why sits that Sorrow, *Daphnis*, on thy Brow?

D A P H N I S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O *Damon*! *Amaryllis* can I leave,
And not be sad? Leave, and perhaps for ever?
Yet Honour calls, I dare not disobey.

D A M O N.

Glorious the Call. But know, my Friend,
that Peace,
With Aspect mild, hath hush'd the Din of War,
And bids thee now secure at Home to stay.
The joyous News I bring----

D A P H N I S.

-----Joyous indeed!

Ah! see my *Amaryllis*; *Damon*, see,
What Sights it opens to the mental Eye.

S O N G.

SONG.

*See Peace descend like Cherub bright :
 See Discord sink to Shades of Night.
 Ye Zephyrs bear it thro' the Plains.
 And shout for Joy, ye jolly Swains.----
 Why then, dispell'd thy Doubts and Fears,
 Why fall, my Fair, those trickling Tears?*

PHYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

Those trickling Tears thy *Amaryllis* sheds,
 Are not of Grief, but overflowing Joy.
 O! *Daphnis*, what a Change! a Moment hence
 She thought thee lost--- but now thou art ever
 hers.

PHYLLIS.

SONG.

[Addressing the first Stanza to *Amaryllis*, the
 second to *Daphnis*.]

*Sweet are the Pleasures,
 Rich are the Treasures,
 That succeed to Pain and Care.
 So, Tempest ending,
 Phœbus ascending,
 Rises doubly bright and fair.*

*Think War a Trouble,
 Think Fame a Bubble,
 Shun, ah! shun the flatt'ring Chace.*

Time

*Time still destroying,
Without enjoying,
Shadows, Phantoms, you embrace.*

D A P H N I S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But see, my *Amaryllis*, see! again
The joyous Tribe approach. Joyous thyself,
No longer now their social Mirth decline.

Enter Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

Shepherds. *Hail! O hail! thou genial Spring,
Destin'd thousand Joys to bring:
Dreary Winter shuns thy Sight;
Welcome Season for Delight.*

Nymphs. *Rose, thy Odours round thee throw;
Zephyr, Zephyr, gently blow;
Thrush, thy native Sonnet sing;
Welcome, welcome, genial Spring.*

All. *Welcome, welcome, genial Spring.*

[Symphony of Instruments, then repeat the
Chorus, *Hail! O hail!*]

D A M O N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Hear, happy Lovers, what your *Damon* wishes,
Wishes to crown your Constancy and Truth.

S O N G.

SONG.

*May Love your tender Hours employ,
No anxious Care your Peace annoy.
The Dread of Parting, cruel Pain,
Ah! may you never feel again.*

A M A R Y L L I S.

RECITATIVE.

May Heaven confirm thy pious Wish--and now
To Melody, to Mirth, we give the Day.

SONG.

*Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft beguiling,
Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
Hither haſte, and grace the Day.
Let * Saturnia Kingdoms proſſer,
Glitt'ring Crowns and Scepters offer,
We reject imperial Sway.*

*Pallas, thou in Arms delighting,
Tempt us not with Fame and Fighting,
No,--the Toils the Joy o'erpay.---
Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft beguiling,
Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
Hither haſte, and grace the Day.*

DAPHNIS.

* *Saturnia*, a Name of *Juno*. The Song alludes to the Story of the Judgment of Paris, where *Juno* offered him Empire; *Pallas*, Military Glory; and *Venus*, Beauty: He preferred the laſt.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

This Festal Day had well become the Pipe
Of † *Thyrsis*, Darling of the *British* Muse.
Come then, my Fairest, join thy Voice, and aid
My bold Attempt, to tune his Lay sublime.

DAPHNIS and AMARYLLIS.

DUET.

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn; her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds; fragrant the
Earth;
And bright the Gems of Heaven. But neither
Stars;
Nor fragrant Earth; nor Charm of earliest
Birds;
Nor Breath of Morning, without thee, is sweet.*

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

Shepherds, and Nymphs, the fair Example
follow.

Let every Pipe, let every Voice unite,
To sing the Praises of sweet Peace and Love.

Chorus

† *Thyrsis*, a Name by which *Milton*, in some of his Poems, calls himself: The Words of the Duet, which follow, are taken from him.

Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

*Hear all our Voices sounding,
Hear ev'ry Hill rebounding,
Auspicious happy Peace.
May Love for ever reign,
Nor give the Lover Pain,
May Discord ever cease.*

F I N I S.



